The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

No. 70, Vol. vi.] BELFAST, OCTOBER 1st, 1886. [For Gratuitous Circulation.

THE Rev. J. C. Street will be glad to receive and acknowledge contributions in aid of the gratuitous publication and circulation of the *Chronicle and Index*.

THE Mutual Improvement Association enters upon its new session with the beginning of the present month. The Committee and Officers have prepared and issued an excellent programme of work, and it is quite evident the high character of the Society will be fully maintained. No doubt its friends will gather together at its inaugural proceedings, and support it by their presence and co-operation at all its meetings. We trust that the coming winter may find the Society in the full tide of prosperity and usefulness. This is an excellent time for the enrolment of new members. The subscription is 4/- per annum, and it qualifies the member to the free use of the fine Library.

WITH the beginning of the present month the Rev. J. C. Street resumes his Sunday Evening Lectures. He hopes to speak upon living topics, and to welcome to his services large numbers of inquirers after truth.

THE cold weather and the long nights are close at hand once more. The holiday season is over. Wanderers are returned home from seaside and mountain heights. Gay resorts in charming country regions are deserted, and the travellers are snugly ensconced at home again. And now the season of real, close, and energetic hard work is come. The student is back to his books, the merchant to his ledgers, the clergyman to his parish. Each is ready for vigourous action. Our churches should now be astir with their work, and all activities promptly resumed. We are glad to hear that this is likely to be the case, and hope to be able to record from time to time what is being done by the toilers in humanity's broad field.

THE next Sunday School Conference will be held at Moneyrea, on Tuesday, Oct. 12th. A paper will be read by the Rev. E. S. Anthony, M.A., on "Confirmation Services." Tea will be provided at 5 p.m., and the chair will be taken at 6 p.m. Friends from Belfast will travel by brake, leaving Rosemary Street at 4 p.m., at a cost of two shillings each. Parties intending to go will please give their names to Mr. R. M'Calmont, 71 Ann Street, Belfast. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of those who are interested in Sunday School work. Ministers will kindly make the announcement from their pulpits.

A PLEASANT and useful conference in connection with Sunday School matters was held by members of the Non-Subscribing Association at Crumlin during the past month. The friends at Crumlin hospitably received their visitors; and a paper which led to much discussion of a fruitful nature was read by Mr. Osler, of Banbridge. Such meetings create a fraternal feeling, and do good by promoting kindly fellowship.

THE late Miss Anne Georgina Dunville, of London, who died in January last, bequeathed by her will the sum of £100 to her Executors, to be divided at their discretion among the poor of Belfast. Out of this sum the Executors have made a donation of £20 to the Hopeton Street School and Mission. The donation is very timely, and will prove of great use.

An interesting matter is being again discussed—should preachers read their sermons? or should they preach extemporaneously? Well, everything depends upon the preacher. If he can write and read well, and speak only haltingly, let him read his sermons. If, on the other hand, he has that wonderful prophetic gift that his thought glows into beautiful and striking language as he gazes into the faces of his auditors, by all means let him preach extemporaneously. But this gift is possessed only by a few. It is painful to see some good men, who are able to compose fine sermons, struggling to speak without notes. Let them keep to their MSS. They will be far more effective. But the orator should not be damped, nor the prophet put into fetters.

We notice that the Sunday School Association, London, have appointed Mr. Bertram C. Hare to be their manager. His address will be Essex Hall, Essex Street, London.

Our American brethren in the West are excited over a small controversy about words. They seem united in spirit, and are working in their separate churches with remarkable fidelity and success, but unfortunately some of the brethren want "a platform," "a creed," or a "statement of belief" as a basis of fellowship, and so they are trying to force upon their neighbours what is looked upon as a test, and a dogmatic basis. Those are content to go on working for truth, justice, and righteousness. But such work is not enough. There must be "belief" as well as "works." It is a pity. Some people seem never willingly to let well alone, and to work in peace with their brethren.

Those of our readers who are interested in the Labour Question should read the just published "Introduction to the History of the Factory System." The author, Mr. Whately Cooke-Taylor, adds to the practical knowledge derived from his position as Factory Inspector an industrious and comprehensive study of his subject. We hope that the demand for the work may encourage its writer to continue his labours.

We notice with great regret, just as we are going to press, the death of the Rev. Robert Cleland, at the Manse, Crumlin, on the 19th ult.

TO ONE IN SORROW.

Sadly you ask, "Is it all in vain
That we struggle and rise and fall again,
That we do our best when our lot is hard
And our work is held in light regard,
When those who might help and lessen our load
Are walking at ease on a smoother road,
And, though the earth is so broad and fair,
It hath no bounty for us to share?"
Often, I know will the question rise,
As the tears come fast into wearied eyes,
"Is there none to care or to soothe my pain?
Do I live and suffer and strive in vain?"
And the answer cometh, "No; for the end
To which these long sad journeys tend
Is a haven of calm, is a home of rest
That shall fully repay the weary quest.
All we have hoped for then shall be known;
Then is the harvest of good seed sown,
Peace for the anxious whose plans were crost,
Love for the lonely on earth long lost.
Joy that will never take flight again
Shall gladden us after life's sharp pain."
Lord, may we struggle and hope and ascend,
With courage and faith to attain this end.

—*Susanna J.*

On Monday week the Rev Robert Collyer delivered a lecture on "Clear Grit," in the Free Christian Church. Extraordinary interest was taken in the event, and quite a number of people came to hear the lecture from Oldham, Manchester, Huddersfield, and other places. The chair was occupied by the Rev. T. R. Elliott, resident minister, and there was a crowded congregation. The lecturer said "Clear Grit," as he understood it, and purposed to speak of it, might be defined as the best traits in a man blossoming into the best he could do, and in all sweet and true fashion, as a rose blossomed on a bush, or a bird sings in a tree. It was that noble quality in a man or woman that could never give way, except in a true fashion and for a good reason, the power to walk barefoot over the plains that lie along the true line of life rather to go through green pastures and by still waters that deflect from it. "Clear Grit" was the power to say no to what might seem to be a melody of angels if

they wanted to counsel them away from their duty, the power to say no to those good servants but bad masters, the passions and appetites. The first element of "Clear Grit" was the power to save themselves. There must be more than that to make "Clear Grit," for nothing in this world was nearer like a splendid angel than a splendid devil. The next thing was the power and will to help others more than help themselves, if the others needed it more than they did. Then another thing was, when they saw something to be done to never stop to count the cost, but push right in and get it done. "Clear Grit" never thought about the consequences when it was evident a thing had to be done. There were four tests of "Clear Grit." The first was the power to do a good honest day's work; the second, the power to get a good home, and, if it pleased God, to raise a real, good, noble family of children; the third was, the power to lose no time about it when they thought of doing it; and the fourth was the power when they had done those three things to know when they were well off, and to be content. It was more essential to work honestly than to work hard. The blacksmith who worked honestly from Monday morning to Saturday night was a better man before earth and heaven than the minister who shambled along all through the week doing nothing in particular, and then on Sunday morning preached a wretchedly poor sermon. He knew that because he had done both. The second proof of "Clear Grit" was to get a good home, and of course that presupposed that there would be a good husband and a good wife. A great many men did not get a good wife, and a great many women did not get a good husband. Many young women before getting married were only anxious to get what they called accomplishments. They did not know how to bake good bread, or make a shirt, or keep the buttons on, and how to make a home shine like a new silver dollar. Their idea of accomplishments was how to do tatting, and how to talk French which Frenchmen don't understand. A good many men were just about as fit to be husbands. They had been sowing their wild oats and learning to play billiards rather than reading books, and to prefer cards to any other pictures, and to know the inside of all the hotels in the city rather than the churches. A good home could no more bloom out of a life like that than a damask rose on an iceberg. A good home was where a man and woman came together by the good providence of God on a pure equality, when she was not to call him master, except he called her missis. Chance or change made no difference to them, and on the golden wedding day, after fifty years of wedded life, the glory of the maiden of twenty could not be seen by reason of the glory that excelleth in the good old wife of seventy. The next thing, if it pleased God, was that the home should be full of children. If their grand old Anglo-Saxon race was to rule the world, it could only be through their homes being filled with noble, and beautiful, and strong children. His recollection of his own country forty years ago was that everybody had plenty of children, and if they had not much to give them to eat, they made the best of what they had, and they used to say that if God sent the mouths He would send the food to fill them. Then another thing was that a man should make sure as soon as he could that if what he had been saying was true, he would order his life accordingly, and not wait until he had got a lot of money to keep a wife. A woman who was not fit to be a poor man's wife was not fit to be any man's wife. Some men were letting "I dare not wait upon I would" until they were about thirty-five and she thirty, and then they proposed to get married and start life, and one of the first things their wives told them when they had got them where they wanted them, was that they would have jumped at them five years ago. At the end of June spring had departed. The glory and beauty of the May of springtide had passed away, and there was only one springtide in human life. One thing more. When a man had got the things about him he had tried to describe, he should feel sure he was one of the happiest men on earth. He hoped they would try to take home with them the simple things he had said. It was now 250 years since they in America started,

and 820 years since the Norman Conquest in England, when the nation might fairly be said to get life, and if the Anglo-Saxon race in Great Britain, in Canada, and in that wonderful country way down under the globe, as they were under the globe to that new Greater Britain, was to rule, they must have large families, and that Anglo-Saxon race would then rule in power, and in all nobility and all splendour of life, and in just government, until at last it would give the law to the nations of the earth, and there would be only one great federation of freed men from the rising to the setting of the sun. Mr. James Rhodes moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Collyer for his lecture. The Rev. W. W. Jubb seconded the resolution. The Rev. P. R. Passmore supported the resolution. Mr. Collyer thanked them. He felt the more grateful for the vote of thanks, that the motion was seconded and supported by a Congregationalist and a Methodist minister. He came up in the old Congregational Church and Sunday School, and owed much to that body, and for ten years he was a local preacher in the old Wesleyan Methodist Church, and he should be very much ashamed if he ever said a hard thing about either of those Churches to which he owed so much in his early life. He thanked them all for their kindness.

AUTUMN.

Now comes the first chill whisper of the end,
While yet the woods are green and skies are blue,
While under loads of corn great waggons bend,
And sunshine makes us glad the whole day through.

The trees are full of leaf and of delight,
Yet through them sighs the forecast of the time
When the lean branches shall be wondrous, white
With winter's lovely radiant frost and rime.

The fallen leaves as yet are hardly missed,
The rest will fall—until the woods are bare,
And the dim glades where summer lovers kissed
Forget how leafy and divine they were.

And in our souls come whispers of despair,
"Failure again—failure for evermore!"
Leaves only for one summer's space are fair,
No flower can live to see the fruit it bore.

Yet every spring millions of flowers have birth,
And every autumn brings its fruits and sheaves;
But when the fruit and grain make glad the earth,
Dead are the flowers and falling are the leaves.

Though through our lives we see our dear dreams die,
Each noble dream brings fruit. It may not be
The fruit we hoped it would be followed by,
But the fruit lasts to all eternity.

No seed is lost in earth's brown bosom cast,
No deed is lost—of all the deeds we do;
Each grows to fruit—is harvested at last,
Haply in shape undreamed of, fair, and new.

And, though we die before the end be won,
Our deeds live on; and other men will cry,
Seeing the end of what we have begun,
"Still lives the fruit—for which flowers had to die."

E. Nesbit.

In connection with the meetings of the British Association at Birmingham, special services were preached in several places of worship in the town.

In the morning the Rev. Dr. Crosskey preached in the Church of the Messiah, to a large congregation, on the subject, "The Glory of the Light thrown by Science on Religion." Selecting as his text the 20th verse of the 1st chapter of Romans, the rev. gentleman pointed out that for long centuries the relation between science and religion had not been harmonious. Plato rebuked with a certain reverent awe investigations into the origin of the universe, as unmeet for man. In Eastern philosophies matter was regarded as essentially impure. In mediæval times a knowledge of the secrets of nature was imagined to be obtainable by compact with the Devil. The Church stopped research by appealing to literal interpretations of the Book of Genesis. The age of suspicion, however, was now passing away. The gates of the Temple of God must be opened wide, that all students of His works might enter, and bring their discoveries as gifts upon His altar. Every fact of Nature must be accepted as a Divine revelation. Instead of doubting the conclusions of science, the glory of the light they throw upon religion must be gratefully

acknowledged in the Christian Church. The mind of man, working out by its own activity mathematical and physical problems, found that the phenomena of the universe were produced by methods it was capable of understanding. The life within man was proved by his very capacity for scientific research—to be akin to the life of the awful Power sustaining all things. New light was thrown upon the deepest of all relationships—that binding man to his Maker as a child to his father. Science taught us that creation was a long-continued process—that it had not been one definite act, consummated at one time. Constant power must have been and was being exerted. That fact revealed to us the activity of a living God. It might be likened, indeed, to music—the hand withdrawn from the organ, the music stopped. Apart from the sustaining Authority of Authorities, creation would cease as music with the instrument untouched. Many had feared lest a law of nature should be accepted as a substitute for a creator. But a law of nature was a method of Divine activity. It had no power of its own. A law of nature marked fixed sequences that had been observed among phenomena, and required a living power for its establishment and enforcement. Were the laws of nature not fixed scepticism would be justified. Fixed laws were the revelation of a supreme will. The infinity of the universe, which science on every hand unfolded, had brought fear into some hearts. Yet the infinity of the material universe was one of the surest grounds for believing that every soul was cared for with unerring wisdom. Because every atom was the centre of boundless mysteries, we might have confidence that man with his mind, heart, and soul, had a divine destiny. A noble man was greater than sun, moon, and stars, and since infinite marvels were hidden in an atom, man, who was so much greater, had no ground for despair. Nothing was too marvellous to be true of the physical world. How, then, could anything be too majestic to hope for a being capable of loving and sacrificing self and choosing between good and evil? Science revealed a law of progress. In contrasting the vast progress from the first known of living creatures to the creation of man, he (Dr. Crosskey) said he thought of the first creatures that crawled upon the sands of the first sea, whose waves rose and fell upon the sands of time; he remembered those who arose after the lapse of countless ages and determined this earth's place among the stars, and measured the forces by which it was kept faithful to its course; he remembered the long line of patriots, saints, and martyrs, who during the comparatively few years man had been upon earth had carried onward the history of civilisation; and he felt more than justified in the conclusion that there was nothing too marvellous, too noble, too sublime to believe for the future which was springing like a flower sown by the seed of the living present in the soil of the past. There was no rashness in concluding that the difference between the jelly-like eozoon secreting its shell in the most ancient sea and a living man was no uncertain measure of the glory that had yet to dawn upon ourselves and our race. Even when awful catastrophies came to pass—when the earth shook and men were crushed beneath the ruins of their homes—we were not justified in saying "The laws of nature are suspended, and chaos has come again." Science so wonderfully revealed a universal order, that we felt bound to study and wait for the revelation of the laws which would harmonise apparent discords. The last lesson of science was thus one of trust; and in the terrible mysteries of life it bade us humbly rest our souls in the Lord, who commanded the morning and caused the day-star to know its place.

The Rev. S. Fletcher Williams on Sunday morning preached in Newhall Hill Church, on the subject "Science and Man's craving after God," from the texts Job xxiii. 3, and Acts xvii. 27. He said that many people supposed that there was some opposition between science and religion. But it seemed to him that science, which was the study of God's work in the outward universe, could not be opposed to those sentiments of awe, reverence, trust, submission, and love which they were accustomed to regard as the substance of piety. So far from being materialistic, science every

day was moving upward more and more into the realm of spirit. So far from disproving a future life, it was leading the way to a new view of immortality. Thus, instead of feeling any hostility from science to religion, they gladly welcomed investigation and discovery as sure to bring about a nobler and truer worship of God. In truth, all honest investigation, in whatever direction, must, in the end, render clearer and brighter their conceptions of God and of His relations to man. The preacher went on to illustrate this by showing what science had already done in this direction.

Mr. Hopps lately addressed a letter to a young minister in reply to a question as to the desirability of a minister's taking part in politics. Mr. Hopps, in the course of his letter, says:—"All depends upon the man. If a minister feels no "call" in that direction, let him congratulate himself, and stick to other work: but if temperament and a sense of duty lead him to find in politics work that seems to appeal to him to do it, as work for the common good, how could I or any one tell him to keep out of it? If, to this it is replied that he ought, nevertheless, to steer clear of politics in order to avoid giving offence, the only possible answer is, that they mistake his vocation who imagine that he lives to please, or that in becoming a minister he somehow ceased to be a citizen or a man." As to the argument that politics have so dangerously become identified with personal rancours and party feuds that teachers of religion have no business in the polluted arena, Mr. Hopps thinks it all the more necessary for the teacher of religion to make his presence and influence felt, in a matter that so deeply affects the general happiness and prosperity of the community. But perhaps the most instructive passage of the letter is that in which Mr. Hopps lays down the rule, that, "if a minister decides to take his place with other men in the open field of politics, he makes it unnecessary, undesirable, and unfair, to introduce the subject into his pulpit. As a prophet only, he might, perhaps, with some propriety, make Sunday his day for taking a political subject into the higher regions: but if, in the ordinary ways of life, he has taken his place as a politician, it is unquestionably desirable to keep his Sundays free from the thinest film of battle smoke;—desirable for him and for everybody else."

Our Admirable Crichton is thus depicted by the London correspondent of the *New York Sun:*—You will meet Mr. Gladstone at a dinner table after delivering some great speech in the House of Commons, and will look at him in vain for any sign of exhaustion, physical or mental, any of those attitudes of weary absorption which great thinkers of great public men are so apt to fall into in society, whether unconsciously or deliberately, at which their admirers gaze with bated breath. Mr. Gladstone in society is just as much a centre of attraction and a spectacle of exuberant energy and brilliancy as in the House of Commons. He talks incessantly and, let me hasten to add, delightfully, never mentioning "shop." His eyes sparkle, his whole face lights up with animation, and he laughs the loud, joyous laugh of a schoolboy. His conversation flits with the lightest of wings over a whole world of subjects. One evening recently, at a dinner, a curious friend of mine made note that in the course of the repast he touched upon the following themes:—The latest excavations by Dr. Petrie in Egypt, with a picturesque detail or two about Babylonian and Egyptian domestic life; Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho," giving a text from some vehement remark about the degeneracy of French novelistic literature since the realists come into vogue; Norwegian fishing customs; Sarah Bernhardt and Mary Anderson as women and as actresses, with a decided preference for Mary as the first and Sarah as the second; anecdotes of Lord Brougham, Taglioni, Charles Dickens, Louis Philippe, Tom Sayers, Garibaldi; whether the flowing grace of the Greek chiton was preferable after all to the inviting prettiness of the small waist; the meanness of muzzling dogs; a mention of old china (of which Mr. Gladstone is a connoisseur and collector) leading to an account of the Duc d'Aumale's bric-á-brac, that leading to a sketch of the beautiful palace

of Chatillion, that to a chat about Mdme. de Sévigné, and that to a regret that the English have not the faculty for making memoirs, so attractive as the French, and that again, to a correction, with personal testimony, of some of Greville's mistakes—a bubbling, effervescing stream, coming from the springs of a heart as fresh as in the springtime of young manhood. Somebody has compared Mr. Gladstone's heart and intellect to a winter pear which blooms and ripens under the snows of age.

Dr. S. Davidson writes as follows to the *Christian Register*:—

Not long since there appeared a life of Jesus from the English press, which was hailed by the orthodox and eagerly bought up, notwithstanding its high price. I refer to the work of Dr. Edersheim, a converted Jew, and clergyman in the Church of England. The book is a strange phenomenon. One would think that it could not have been written after the remarkable publications of Strauss and Keim, the researches of the Tübigen school and subsequent literature, with the elaborate book of Weiss. Edersheim's two large volumes are ultra-orthodox, reading a decidedly evangelical creed into the Gospels. It is full of rabbinical lore; but the critical power is poor indeed.

Trinity College, Dublin, has contributed its quota to the same narrow theology. The divinity professor there has stepped forth into the arena of controversy with his Historical Introduction to the New Testament, in which traditional views are strongly upheld. Though the spirit is dogmatic and bitter, particularly in relation to my humble self, it will not harm the cause against which it is directed. It is unnecessary to give specimens of the perverted criticism abounding in the volume.

The persistent intrusion of Orthodoxy into books where it is out of place is remarkable. It appears even in the London translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, where the Plymouth brother translator has inserted abrupt and impertinent contradictions of the great lexicographer, all erroneous of course. Pygmies should beware of opposing giants. I regret to say, also, that Dr. Robinson has inserted corrections of Gesenius in the American translation, which are usually wrong, except those relating to geography.

In like manner, our leading reviews are, for the most part, on the side of the traditional theology. The best of them, the *Quarterly*, is carefully guarded against heterodoxy by the publisher. The *Edinburgh*, the old Whig organ, is also closed against free Christian views. The *British* and *London Quarterlies*, organs of the Independents and Methodists respectively, have no authority or literary character, and are kept in existence by money. Their spirit against everything considered heterodox is intolerant.

A notable exception to the dominant opinions is the *Westminster Review*, which has done good service in the advancement of rational religion. But its best days are past. The circulation has dwindled for years, and there is now talk of its change into a monthly. It cannot exist long while the proprietor relies upon unpaid contributions.

Unitarian periodicals have had but a short life of late years. The *Theological Review* was excellent, but perished for want of support. Its successor, the *Modern Review*, was short-lived. And now the *Christian Reformer*, a monthly, has begun; but I fear it will not last long. These and such like publications are the only ones in which progressive theology finds favor. The current against free thought, however, is too strong for them. No rich man or wealthier publisher appears to patronize the rational: the orthodox get money when it is wanted.

The only ostensible gain that has been wrested of late from Orthodoxy is the doctrine of universal salvation, the ultimate restoration and happiness of the human race, which men otherwise orthodox venture to avow. So far, this is good. Election and reprobation are seldom preached even by the so-called evangelicals.

I pass over the newspaper press, the religious papers, as they are termed. Here, again, the field is occupied by the same creed-men.

Notwithstanding the strong orthodox fortress so well guarded, I have good reason for believ-

ing that freedom of opinion has advanced, within the last twenty years, to a considerable extent. Science has encroached on the domain of the old theology, and brought much of it into discredit. But ecclesiastics, whose views have widened, too often kept their opinions secret, or utter them only in confidential circles. It is not pleasant to think that a goodly number of ministers of religion reputed orthodox have two consciences, an official and a private one. Yet the fact cannot be denied. Pulpit performances are not a test of the beliefs which many entertain. Such moral cowardice can only be mourned over. Is it not deplorable that so many subscribe articles and creeds which they do not really believe, furnishing an example of pliant consciences, which laymen see and despise? Honesty is as much needed in religion as in secular affairs. Without it, religion is vain.

Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association.

FIFTEENTH SESSION, 1886-87.

The Committee have much pleasure in announcing the following

PROGRAMME UNTIL CHRISTMAS, 1886.

1886.
Oct. 4.—Opening Conversazione.
" 11.—Lecture: "Lights and Shadows of Life in Belfast." Rev. J. C. Street.
" 18.—Paper: "Thackeray." Mr. J. D. Stuart.
" 25.—Paper: "Labour." Mr. W. T. M'Grath.
Nov. 1.—Paper: "Socialism." Mr. Wm. Currie.
" 8.—Lecture: "A Ramble through Dromore." Mr. John F. Mulligan.
" 15.—Paper: "Wanderings in Rhineland and Vineland." Communicated.
" 22.—Paper: "A Text from Tacitus." Mr. George Fisher.
" 29.—Lecture: "The Secret of Good Government." Mr. Alex. Bowman.
Dec. 6.—Music and Readings.
" 13.—Lecture: "John Wycliffe." Rev. W. Reynolds, B.A.
" 20.—Miscellaneous Original Compositions.

—:o:—

THE OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION

ARE

The intellectual and moral advancement of its members, and the furtherance of acquaintance and fellowship among them.

The Meetings are held on MONDAY EVENINGS at Eight o'clock, in the Rosemary Street Schools.

ADMISSION—To Lectures and Discussions—Members, Free; Non-Members, Sixpence each. To Papers, and Music and Readings—Free.

MEMBER'S SUBSCRIPTION—4s. per annum, which entitles to the use of the Library. Subscriptions for the Fifteenth Session are now due and should be paid to the Treasurer, DANIEL BULMER, 32 Queen Street, *as early as possible.*

The Library will be open at 1 p.m. on Sundays, and on every Monday Evening during the Session.

THE BELFAST UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

—:o:—

OFFICERS FOR YEAR 1886-87.

—:o:—

President:
JOHN RITCHIE, BELFAST.

Vice-Presidents:

W. BENNETT, Solitude, Moneyrea.
HENRY BURDEN, M.D., Belfast.
Sir E. P. COWAN, Lord Lieu. of Antrim.
HERBERT DARBISHIRE, Belfast.
G. FISHER, Belfast.
H. HYNDMAN, LL.D., Belfast.
W. G. MULLIGAN, Belfast.
D. M'MASTER, Ballymaleddy.
Rev. S. C. NELSON, M.A., Downpatrick
J. NELSON, M.D., Belfast.
W. B. RITCHIE, M.D., J.P.
W. ROBERTSON, J.P., Belfast.

Committee:

W. A. ADAMSON.
Rev. E. S. ANTHONY, M.A.
Rev. G. W. BANNISTER.
JOHN BENNETT.
D. BULMER.
Rev. T. DUNKERLEY, B.A.
T. HENDERSON.
Rev. J. A. KELLY.
J. F. MULLIGAN.
Dr. JOHN M'CAW.
A. K. STEWART.
T. M'CLELLAND, J.P. (Chairman).
J. M'WILLIAMS.
J. R. NEILL.
Dr. JOHN POLLY.
M. SMITH.

Treasurer:
REV. J. C. STREET.

Secretaries:
REV. J. H. BIBBY. | R. M'CALMONT, F.C.S.

Auditors:
F. E. DALE. | JOHN M. DOBBIN.

Sunday School Committee:

Mrs. HYNDMAN.
Mrs. M'MECHAN.
Miss J. E. BRUCE.
Miss COLEMAN.
Miss G. H. COE.
Miss DOBBIN.
Miss E. MARTIN.
Miss MAY.
Rev. G. W. BANNISTER.
Rev. J. H. BIBBY.
D. BULMER.
Rev. E. S. ANTHONY, M.A.
Rev. THOS. DUNKERLEY, B.A. (Sec.)
Rev. J. A. KELLY.
R. M'CALMONT, F.C.S.
Rev. W. REYNOLDS, B.A.
Rev. J. C. STREET (Chairman).

Printed by JOHN A. MURPHY, 16, Howard Street, for the Unitarian Society, and Published at their Depository, 16, Queen's Arcade, Belfast.